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[WHOLE NO. 220.]

Evening Meditation.

BY T. L. BURMAN.

Calm is the evening; skies are clear,  
By no rude tempests riven;  
And to the captured view appear  
The fields of heaven.

Pale light is shining on the sky,  
'Tis sunset's gentle glow in the west;  
The evening shadows fall lowly  
How calm to rest.

Now twilight to the west has fled;  
Now takes its gleams of amber light,  
And over the eastern clouds are spread  
The shades of night.

Now over the mantle of the night  
The moon her beams begins to spread,  
And nature slumbers in her light,  
Still as the dead.

And stars are lighting up their homes,  
Their wandering fires above again  
The galaxy and story dome  
Of heaven's plain.

Fit time it is to meditate  
The wondrous change of passing years;  
O vision past, that doth create  
A flood of tears!

The heart in solitude repines  
The years already passed away,  
But still looks forth to worlds where shines  
Eternal day.

The golden dreams and visions bright  
Of youthful pleasures, sights and tears,  
Are buried in the deep still night  
Of other years.

Remembrance views through clouds and storm  
The scenes where gentle loved ones roved—  
The heart still lingers round the form  
Of those it loved.

And where those loved ones once did roam,  
Associations dear were felt;  
But Time's made desolate the home  
Where once they dwelt.

O fleeting Time, upon thy wings  
Millions of souls from earth have fled—  
Unconscious now of earthly things  
Sleep with the dead!

While memory's star with living beam  
Illumes the past of toil and care,  
And bring to light the faded dream  
Of things that were.

The star of Hope still points the eye  
To glories brighter yet to come—  
Portrays, beyond the starry sky  
A heavenly home.

Practical Amalgamation.

We learn from the Detroit Free Press, of the 3d inst., that the locality known as Chatham, C. W., the scene of numerous negro disturbances of late, and the object of much unenviable notoriety abroad, has again distinguished itself in its own peculiar way. The Press says:

About two years since the Exeter Hall Abolition Society sent out here from England, among other missionaries, a young woman named King, whose mistaken philanthropy had induced her to devote herself to the thankless task of improving and reforming our fugitive Africans. She is at this time nineteen or twenty years of age, an intelligent and refined lady, and possessed of an annuity of several hundred dollars a year, accruing from her property at home. Her affectionate interest in the negroes culminated a day or two since in her marriage to an old darkey preacher named Pinckney, at Chatham, an event which took the community by surprise, and excited the most intense disgust and indignation, as she was very well known, and, from her education and attainments, much respected.

The couple were married by an Episcopal clergyman, and immediately took possession of their domicile. The night had hardly closed around them before the house was assaulted by a gathering of about one hundred white citizens, who first smashed the windows, then kicked the door in, and, without ceremony, proceeded in a demonstration to the house and threatened to demolish it over the heads of the bridal pair. No harm was offered to them, but the efforts of the crowd did not cease until unmistakable evidence of their disgust had been furnished, when the aspiring negro and his super-elegant piece of household furniture, were informed that the operation would be repeated so often as an expression of sentiment on the part of the white citizens was needed. The party who took the law into their own hands in this case were respectable and responsible citizens, that were unable to restrain their indignation at such outrages upon decency.



FLORIDA.

The history of Florida, from the earliest expedition of discovery almost to the present hour, has been but a record of disappointments and disasters. Having neither mines of gold nor any peculiar advantages for agriculture or commerce, the Spanish character of the people, while occupying it for three hundred years, had a full opportunity to display its imbecility; while our own government, since entering upon the possession a few years ago, have exhibited, in a manner no less lamentable, a disregard to humanity in their treatment of the poor remains of the original red race.

In 1819, a treaty of amity, settlement, and limits was concluded between Spain and the United States, by which Florida was ceded to this country. General Jackson was appointed Governor. In 1822, Florida was made a territory, and the following year Tallahassee was made the seat of government.

The improvements made in population, agriculture, arts, and commerce, have been rapid since that epoch, though much retarded for several years by the wars with the Indians, who, in spite of their claim to their own country, and the bravery and skill with which they defended it, have been removed beyond the Mississippi.

Florida is one of the few great peninsulas of America, and presents several peculiar features, one of which is its very important position. It nowhere presents any considerable elevation; and the greatest part of the surface is a level, raised but little above the ocean, with vast tracts too wet for use, and even wholly or chiefly impassable, or submerged in water.

The climate is more uniform than in any other tract of equal extent, north and south, in the United States. This is owing to the little variation of surface, and the proximity of the sea. Pine prevails among the forests, as the soil is generally poor; but the variety of other trees is very great. Rice and Indian corn, sweet potatoes, cotton, indigo, and sugarcane, are the chief productions of agriculture, while oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and figs, grow in abundance.

The surface of Florida presents a great proportion of waste land and water, with all the varieties of bays, creeks, and lagoons, along the coast; and inland, of hammocks, savannahs, and everglades. The hammocks vary in their nature from dry to wet, and many of them are impassable, or with a few intricate intervals of hard and shallow grounds, wholly under water; never known to any except the Indians, whose superior acquaintance with the

country, during the late lamentable Florida war, often gave them advantage over our troops, in the hammocks and everglades. The various plants which grow abundantly in some parts of those swamps and lakes, often add their obstacles to the traveller; especially saw-grass, which soon cuts in pieces the clothes of men, and even their flesh. It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the forbidding aspect of those extensive and desolate regions. Yet, in some places, verdant tracts occur even among those low and swampy districts, where flowers in profusion display their beauties throughout the year.

THE EVERGLADES.

This peculiar feature may be ranked among the natural curiosities of Florida. South of the twenty-eighth degree of north latitude, Florida has very much the shape of a fish, the border of which is raised toward the coast. Near to the cape this border lies at the distance of from twelve to twenty miles from the shore. It is drained on the north by the St. John's, on the east by the St. Lucia, Greenville, Jupiter, New river, Bottons, and Miami, and by the Snake, Swallow, Delaware, Calousatche and Macaco, on the west. As one approaches the level of the glades, he is surprised by the appearance of a field of grass before him, which seems, like the ocean, without bounds. He may then pass on westward, from six to twelve miles, till, by degrees, the grass disappears, and he is left in an unexplored, grassy lake, the limits of which his eyes cannot discover. The grass is so tall and thick, that, although the borders of the lake are usually covered in winter with water, it is never so deep as to cover it. For ten miles from the timber land, the earth is generally hard and dry in summer. This tract of country would afford a fine place for cattle to range, and is always well stocked with fine game. La Verga tells us, that pearls were known to abound in this region at the time of the invasion by De Soto. Mr. Williams says: "An old manuscript in my possession asserts, that a governor of Florida appointed a commission for the purpose of seeking pearls in these lakes, which was successful." Mr. Williams seems to infer from this and other facts, that it would be of much advantage to drain this portion of the country. He asserts, that if the waters could be lowered ten feet, it would probably drain six hundred thousand acres; and if this should prove to be a rich soil, as it appears to be, what a field would it open for tropical productions!

Marvel not if the world hate you.

An Old Relic.

The bust of Sir Walter Raleigh, which for over 149 years dignified if it did not adorn the front porch of the old Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg, Va., has been removed to this city, and may be seen at the office of Dr. J. Daxe. It will be remembered that not long since the "Old Raleigh" was, by accident or design, destroyed by fire. It was a goodly tavern in its day—rich in historic associations, traditions and memories—the resort of the cavaliers of the golden time, the scholar, the student, and the old Virginia gentleman. The bust of Sir Walter Raleigh, situated above, is made of lead, and weighs about 450 pounds. As the fire was consuming the old house over which it had stood sentinel for so long, it fell injured from the porch to which it was attached. Lately two of our citizens saved it from further harm, and brought it to this city. It is an interesting relic of a past age.—Richmond Examiner.

Then, Oh! Then.

BY GRACE MILBURN.

Buried, when thy heart is lightest,  
Free from every grief and care,  
When no thought of sorrow wakes,  
Naught but scenes of mirth appear,  
Is it then you love to linger  
O'er sweet memories dead to thee?  
And amid your thoughts of loved ones,  
Dost thou ever think of me?

Buried, when thy heart is heavy,  
Sorrow reigning o'er thy brow,  
But with meekness and submission  
To thy Heavenly Father bow,  
Is it then you must remember  
Scenes now numbered with the past,  
Is it then amid pain and anguish,  
On my memory thoughts you cast?

Buried, if by friends forsaken,  
And the world seems dull and cold,  
And despair her crushing mantle  
Round thy fair form will fold;  
If you turn away with weeping,  
Wishing that your soul was free,  
Oh! forget not me the absent—  
Then oh! then remember me!

And when winds and fragrant breezes  
Waft thy evening prayer above,  
Pleading to the God of Mercy,  
Pleading to the God of Love,  
Then remember, oh! remember,  
Not alone your prayer ascends,  
Not alone your heart is pleading,  
More than one knee humbly bows.

Buried, doth my name e'er tremble  
On thy lips with music sweet?  
When in prayer the knee you bendest  
Or you may not deem it meet:  
For I know I am not worthy  
Of a prayer of one like thee,  
Yet I would be then remembered;  
Buried, then oh! think of me.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

A well-known minister of Chelsea, Mass., was greatly surprised, some time since, at receiving an epistle from a lady friend at Cape Ann, containing sundry and divers female confidence relative to her approaching marriage, and an urgent request to send immediately a "hoop skirt." The minister was completely dumfounded. It was a strange epistle for him to receive, but there was the superscription: Rev —, as plain as could be. In the course of the day, however, the mystery was cleared up, and it appeared that the fair correspondent had indicated two letters, one to the Reverend, requesting his presence to the marriage knot, and the other to a female

friend, embracing on the anticipated occasion, and requesting her services in procuring that highly useful article, a hoop skirt. By some happy coincidence the letters were placed in the wrong envelopes, but luckily the rightful owners eventually exchanged letters, and the minister and hoop skirt were there!

Judge Not.

BY ISA CLAYTON.

Judge not, that ye be not judged,  
Is a divine injunction;  
The heart that's the most charitable  
Must feel the least competition.

WAS IT MURDER?

A HEARTY SKETCH.

BY WANDERER.

The bowl was broken at the fountain.  
Gently I closed her sightless eyes and I let  
her hands across her silent breast. Weeping  
friends one by one departed, until I was left  
alone with the senseless clay. The soft beams  
of the setting sun came in through the open  
window, and cast on the still sleeper a halo of  
mellow light. The summer wind played with  
her silken tresses and kissed the marble cold  
brow, and—no response to their gentle wooings!  
Dead!

Yes, dead, for no earthly frown can wake  
her from her slumbers.

Well do I remember the days when together  
we attended the village school, and how all  
loved her; even the wildest of the boys would  
cease their noise and rude tricks when she drew  
near. Year upon year I watched the rose un-  
fold its lovely petals, until it was about to  
burst forth in full bloom, when it closed its  
petals one by one, drooped and died. Alas!  
for earthly things, how soon they fly away.  
They bore her to the tomb and friends stood  
there and wept. One there was who did not  
shed a tear. With folded arms he stood and  
gazed into the gaping grave until the coffin  
containing the ashes of the departed had been  
lowered and the first spade full of earth sent  
up its sepulchral sound as it fell upon the  
coffin, then wildly throwing up his arms he  
whispered, "I come," through his closed teeth,  
and fell back upon the greenward—dead!

For years they had fondly loved each other,  
but her father would not listen to his voice  
when she begged him, even in her dying hour,  
to consent to her union with the loved one of  
her choice.

"No, never—he is poor," was the imperious  
negative he always gave to her when she  
pleaded with him!

Slowly but surely the life-fire declined and  
spark after spark went out until the smouldering  
embers ceased to burn. Day-by-day she  
faded, and those around her said she was going  
into a decline; could they have raised the veil  
from her inner life, they would have exclaimed,  
going to her execution—innocent!

Loving and beloved, scorned to break her  
vows, to her father's entreaties to cast the  
"poor boy" away and marry one he should se-  
lect as a fit companion in wealth and station,  
she turned a deaf ear and trusted in her God.  
Well done, faithful one, thou reapest a glorious  
reward now with him who loved thee, in the  
world where all is love.

Often in after years have I stood beside  
their graves and as memory recalled the history  
of their lives I have asked my heart, how  
stands the record at the Bar of Heaven? Was  
that father guilty of crime? If he was, what  
was the enormity of it?—and a soft voice  
seemed to whisper guilty of murder! Let the  
cold world scorn love as but a passing thing  
and persecute it, but the secret yearnings of  
the soul after immortality contradict the as-  
sertion and point the faithful to the abundant  
reward beyond the caprice and cupidity of  
man.

Cherry Cottage, March, 1860

EDUCATION.

Education is a companion which no misfor-  
tune can depress—no crime can destroy—no  
enemy can alienate—no despotism enslave. At  
home a friend; abroad, an introduction; in  
solitude, a solace; and in society, an ornament.  
It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at  
once, grace and government to genius—with-  
out it, what is Man? A splendid slave—a  
reasoning savage!



## LITERATURE.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. Examined, in eight Lectures, delivered in the University of Oxford, in the year 1858, on the Hampton Foundation. By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.25. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Within the last year there have appeared a great many new volumes upon Theological Science. Some of these works tend to the advancement of theological discussion, and to clear up, simplify and explain portions of this beautiful and important science, which have hitherto been veiled in doubt and mystery, while many of them, written by authors who had not become sufficiently conversant with their subject, only tend to envelop the subject in a mass of verbiage, doubt and uncertainty. Of all branches of Science, Theological Science is most enveloped in doubt. It does not admit of that degree of certainty which can be furnished by those other branches of scientific inquiry which are susceptible of demonstrations. Much must be assumed and presumed; and unless the author is competent to the task, his shortcomings are readily discernible. And it is to this branch of scientific knowledge, as well as on account of the different stand-points from which it is viewed and discussed, and the great multiplicity of ideas and belief that are entertained by different individuals, that the great majority of the treatises written upon this subject are of but small and temporary importance. And it is equally true that there is no branch of scientific inquiry relative to which there exists such an irreconcilable diversity of opinion as there is to Theological Science. A treatise, therefore, upon this branch of human knowledge to be permanently valuable must be a work possessed of extraordinary merit. Difficult as it really is to prepare such a treatise, yet our literature affords quite a number of such works; and we know of no work more ably written or more really meritorious than Mr. Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thought." The author grapples with his subject in a manner that at once proves him competent to the task; and his enunciations of theological facts and arguments are clear and convincing. "The rare learning and metaphysical ability with which he discusses problems, no less profound in their philosophical nature than practical in their religious applications; his devout reverence for the authority of the Bible and the truly Christian spirit with which he has embraced it, must gain for his work a cherished place in the minds and hearts of all who wish well to a sound philosophy, and a pure, and we may add, a real Christianity. In its mere immediate aspect, it is eminently a work for the present times; so closely is it connected with the higher thinking of the present generation, and so boldly and triumphantly does it carry the Christian argument through the entire course of recent, and especially German, speculations. But rightly viewed, these Lectures have a far wider scope than this: for in unfolding his great theme, the author aims to lay the foundation of a sound religious philosophy in the laws of the human mind, and in the general conditions to which it is thereby necessarily subject in the attainment of all truth and knowledge; his work therefore belongs, in its principles and application to all periods of human inquiry, and is thus invested with a universal interest and a permanent value."

This work has received the most marked attention in England, and has run through a number of editions. It is a work which has attracted a vast deal of close and searching criticism from various divines, but like the precious ore whose fitness is proved and ascertained by fire, so this work stands the test of criticism and appears brighter and more conspicuous on account of the severe ordeal through which it has passed. It is composed of the genuine materials, and the severest test the purest it appears. It stamps its author as one of the ablest theological writers of his times, while it has already proved itself to be one of the ablest contributions to theological science that has emanated from a modern pen. I commend it most cordially as a work of great power and in its merit—a work not for to-day alone, but for all time.

HISTORICAL VISITANT GUEST. A Discourse on the Providence of God in the History of the World. By Rev. J. C. Cutting, professor of rhetoric and history in the University of Rochester. Price 50c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This work was originally prepared and delivered as a lecture before the Backus Historical Society, at Newton, Mass., June 28, 1857. It is written with signal ability, and instead of taking a mere superficial view of its subject as is usually the case with lectures, it enters quite extensively into the discussion of Biblical history, and points out quite fully and with a great deal of clearness, the province and uses of such history. It is an historical discourse of great merit, and can be studied with profit by any class of readers. It is not so doctrinal or sectarian as such discourses usually are; on the contrary, the author's aim seems to have been to treat his subject fairly from a philosophical point of view. It contains much that is really interesting, and not only interesting but that which is really necessary to know. It is certainly a very valuable little book. One of the most valuable parts of the volume is the appendix, in which are treated, historically, and at considerable length, the Alleged Self-baptism of John the Baptist, the Historical Baptisms of the English People, Creed, State-ments in the Baptist Denomination, Baptists. "It is, we believe, Mr. Cutting's first appear-

ance in book-land; and his production would be creditable to a much more experienced pen. It is deserving of a careful perusal.

A COMMENTARY, EXPLANATORY, DOCTRINAL, AND PRACTICAL, on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By R. E. Pattison, D.D., late president of Waterville College. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This little volume was written upon a very different plan from most of the commentaries which have appeared, upon portions of the Sacred Scriptures. Instead of being intended exclusively for the learned, it was written for the unlearned. It is plainly, simply and concisely written, and presents in a comprehensible manner the results of scientific and historic investigations as well as the author's views upon this, one of the most interesting of the Epistles of St. Paul. The author has sought to explain the figurative language of the Apostle, and at the same time to impress upon the minds of his readers the beauty and importance and necessity of the Christian religion. The author is an earnest, diligent seeker after truth; and writes with the freedom and ease of a person conscious of having discovered it and desirous to impart it to others. The style is popular and devoid of that dryness and want of interest which constitute the prevailing characteristics of such treatises. It is written with spirit and vigor; and the views of the author are usually sound, and will pass without objection, except perhaps by those who may chance to differ with him on doctrinal points, which I am quite willing to let them dispute about if they choose. The book is ably written, and should be read by every Christian in the land.

TAX COUNTERS; OR, TESTS OF A REGENERATED SOUL. Designed to bring to light suppressed hopes, expose false ones, and confirm the true. By J. A. Goodhue, A.M. With an Introduction, by Edward N. Kirk, D.D. 12mo. Price \$1. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

There are three parts to this book. The first treats of Unrecognized Regeneration; or Faith without Hope; the second of Unrecognizable Regeneration; or Hope without Faith; and the third of Recognized Regeneration, or Faith and Hope. The first part of this book exists rather in the author's imagination than anywhere else; and we feel satisfied that when the author comes to revise his book for future editions he will make very material alterations in it. The second and third parts are much better written, and will give much better satisfaction. They contain many wholesome truths, uttered in plain language. We are strongly inclined to think the author has committed one cardinal blunder, and that was in not adhering to his original intention of writing "only a brief article for some periodical." It is not up to the standard of our publishers' publications; but it will do no harm and may do much good. We hope so, although it is irksome to read it.

## Grand Clay Anniversary.

The pure, incorruptible patriot while living, we delight to honor now dead. The eighty-third anniversary of the birth of Henry Clay, as celebrated in Richmond on last Thursday, the 12th inst., was a grand and magnificent display, worthy of the state of Virginia, to the son native of her soil. We condense a description of the proceedings of the day from the very full details in the Petersburg Express.

The city, at an early hour, began to wear the signs of busy preparation for the event of the day. The sun rose in unclouded brilliancy, and the atmosphere, cool and crystal like, wafted pleasantly down from the west. The shipping at Rocketts and along the docks trembled with colors, while banners and designs of various appropriate descriptions were swung athwart the streets along the intended line of march, and floated proudly from the windows, roofs and cupolas of the numerous prominent buildings which adorn the city.

A few hours later, and the streets became gradually filled with people; and the sounds of music, swelling up and borne along the breeze, from the various rendezvous of the assembling military, naturally excited a patriotic if not poetic feeling, among the thousands upon whose ears they fell.

With the arrival of the trains from all directions, hundreds of visitors poured in.

At nine o'clock the military and the million were moving in segregated masses towards the general rendezvous, at the intersection of 224 with Main street, the occasional meeting of the numerous dashing companies giving a stirring variety to the scene, and the crowded banquets, with their struggling elements, affording rich pabulum to the overlooking eye.

Among the banners pendant from decorated ropes across the streets, was one from Minnie's Gallery to the Capitol House, Main street, prominently noticeable. On one side was a device illustrative of the boyhood of Henry Clay, superscribed "The Millboy of the '81's." On the other side was a fine portrait of the Statesman, in life size, half length. Farther down, a banner waved majestically over the avenue, bearing on both sides the simple, well known and eloquent inscription—"I had rather be right than President." The houses and windows were filled with similar designs.

The line was completed at eleven o'clock, at which hour the column moved for Capitol Square, numbering 200 cavalry, 641 infantry with an immense array of carriages containing distinguished citizens and visitors.

The correspondent says, the march up Main street was performed with signal and imposing effect. The pageant was one of the most brilliant and beautiful our eyes ever looked upon, and added to the scene wrought by the crowded streets, on either side, the windows and balconies a *la bouquet*, and the magnificent

banners rolling over head, the view was fully equal in magnificence to that presented on the occasion of the Monroe obsequies, and more than eclipsed the display upon the inauguration of the Washington Equestrian Statue.

In the meantime, Capitol Square was being rapidly filled by visitors and citizens who had hastened in advance of the military, and upon the arrival of the latter the entire eastern side of the square was densely filled. The ladies presented the most numerous and formidable front, and one might have said with much propriety, that there were "oceans of beauty" around him.

The military traversed Main Fifth Franklin, Foushee, Broad, and Ninth streets, as far as they lie in the line of march, and entered the square from the last named street, the cavalry remaining without. They traversed the avenues of the Square, going through numerous skillful and showy evolutions, and finally drew up around the as yet veiled statue which stood in the western part of the Square, fronting to the east.

The assembly now became so dense, that those who had postponed their coming until the arrival of the military, found it impossible to approach within ordinary pistol shot of the Statue beside which the Orator's desk was reared, draped with blue bunting, touched with stars. The portico, entrances, and windows of the Capitol were crowded with beholders, and the lower eminences of the Washington monument were thickly grouped with people, sometimes hanging like bees together in masses entirely obscuring the granite pedestals from view. Even the trees were resorted to, and the agility of the anxious was extensively tested.

The scene thus poorly and hastily drawn, was completed upon the appearance on the stand, at meridian, of those who had been deputed to officiate. Among the distinguished gentlemen who also occupied positions on the stand, were Ex-Governor John Tyler, of Virginia and the Hon. James B. Clay of Kentucky (son of Henry Clay.)

The Army Band taking position beside the statue, now performed with soul moving skill the National Anthem, Hail Columbia and The Star Spangled Banner.

The orator of the day, B. Johnson Barbour Esq., was then introduced, in a few words, by Wm. H. Macfarland, Esq.

The Oration was frequently greeted with outbursts of heart sent applause, and it needed no interchange of judgment or opinion among those who heard the eloquent product so to form and give expression to their thoughts upon its close. Its delivery occupied one hour and a quarter. The air was tumultuous with applause, and the echoes had not died away before the veil dropped from the imperial marble form, whose type and beauty still floated on the memory of the words the Orator had spoken, and the grand and faithful masterpiece of Hart, stood with majestic mien, the very counterfeits of life before thousands of admiring eyes. The mingled shouts of the multitude were again taken up and merged with the sounds of artillery. With thirteen minute guns, the ceremonies ended, and the military moved to Broad street and were dismissed. Yet thousands lingered on the square and flocked for hours around the Statue.

This splendid work is of the purest marble, life size, and in the modern costume of an American citizen. It is artistically pure and reflects honor upon the American chisel.

## ORIGIN OF THE STATUE OF HENRY CLAY.

A brief history of the origin and execution of this work, says the *Whig*, will doubtless interest our readers at this time. The Presidential campaign of 1844 is too well remembered to need any reference to its stirring incidents or the intense and universal emotion it aroused. The friends of HENRY CLAY rallied to his standard with all the ardor and devotedness with which the Old Guard of Napoleon fought for the fame and life of their incomparable commander. His defeat was received by them as an overwhelming disaster—striking them individually with the stunning effect of a grievous personal affliction. The *Whig* press of the day bears testimony on every page to the love, intensified by disappointment, with which his friends regarded him. In the noble impulses of woman, this feeling first found a practical form for its expression. The following letter from Mrs. Governor Barbour, published in the *Whig* of November the 19th, was the first suggestion out of which the plan for a Statue grew:

BARBOURVILLE, Nov. 11, 1844.

Mr. Patterson:—I was not a little surprised by two grand daughters, who reside with me, suddenly entering my chamber this evening, and exclaiming, "grand-mother, what can we do for Mr. Clay—some token of respect ought to be given him by the Whig women of America, and we have been devising many plans, but on farther consideration, none of them pleased us?" But, before I could answer the interrogatory, one of them said "suppose we undertake to raise by subscription a sufficient sum of money to purchase a handsome service of plate, with suitable Whig emblems and inscriptions?" I was much pleased with the thought, and our views expanding as we conversed on the subject, we concluded at first to extend the privilege to the whole State of Virginia; but at last determined, if it should appear practicable, to embrace the whole Union in our scheme. Ostentation should be avoided, and a small contribution from each would be sufficient for the purpose, and enable every one, however humble, to aid in its accomplishment, without the fear of being overshadowed. Now we wish you to adopt the scheme as your

own, if you think it feasible; and we ask the aid of your powerful pen, in addressing the Whig women of the United States on the subject, remembering the admirable injunction, "whatsoever ye do, do it quickly, for the artizan knows he is to strike while the iron is hot;" and if the feeling of the moment passes away, it will be difficult to arouse it a second time.

I know our sex are thought by many unstable as water, but I hope, after crowding the Whig festivals, and manifesting so much enthusiasm, few will be found so hollow hearted as to refuse a small sum to aid so good—I had almost said, so holy a cause. We leave the manner of raising the money entirely to your judgment, for, perhaps, if the subscription is too limited, we should not be able to raise a sufficient sum. With great respect,

LUCY BARBOUR.

From this patriotic suggestion, grew up an association, called, *The Virginia Association of Ladies for erecting a Statue to Henry Clay*.

## HART SELECTED AS SCULPTOR.

Adjunct Associations in most of the towns and counties of the State were promptly formed, and the requisite sum was speedily raised—Mr. Joel T. Hart was commissioned to undertake the work.

Of the artist the following sketch is given. He was born in Clark County, Kentucky, about the year 1810. He was of humble parentage, and while a boy found employment in building chimneys and other kinds of mason work. His education was restricted to a quarter's schooling, but he became an indefatigable reader of such books as came within his reach, spending his nights over them by the light of a wood fire. In 1830 he entered a stone cutting establishment in Lexington. By degrees he was induced to attempt modelling busts in clay, and succeeded in obtaining good likenesses of many influential persons in Lexington and elsewhere in the West. Among others, General Jackson and Cassius M. Clay sat to him, and the latter gave him his first commission for a bust in marble. His success in these undertakings, and the excellence of a bust he had modelled of Henry Clay induced the Ladies of Virginia to employ him for the work they contemplated. He visited Ashland in 1846, and modelled the great statesman from life. After three years' labor on it, the model was sent to Italy, whither the artist repaired for the purpose of transferring it to marble. He reached Florence in the latter part of 1849, and after waiting a whole year for the arrival of his model, which had been lost by shipwreck in the bay of Biscay, was obliged to send to Lexington for a duplicate. This and other delays protracted the completion of the work for several years, and it was not until August 29th, 1850, that the statue was shipped for the United States. It arrived in Richmond the 25th day of January, and a few days subsequently, was placed upon wheels and drawn by a large number of citizens to its temporary resting place in Mechanics' Hall.

It is proper to state, that, in order to expedite the completion of the work, the valuable aid of his brother artist, Galt, of Virginia, for a few months, was given to Mr. Hart.

## QUEER PARADE.

A company of Zouaves paraded at Philadelphia on Monday. The uniform is thus described:

The uniform of the Zouaves consists of a red Turkish cap, bound round with a roll of white muslin resembling a turban; a blue vest fitting close to the body, with a yellow stripe down the centre from the neck to the waist. Over this is worn a loose blue cloth jacket with arabesque yellow worsted trimmings, and red cuffs. The trousers are of red cloth, made wide, with plaited folds reaching down below the knee, where they are "tucked" up. Below this, each man wears a set of leather leggings, reaching to the ankle, with white overgaiters over the shoes. The neck is perfectly bare, with no sign of a shirt. Each man has his hair cropped short and his moustache turned up at the corners. The officers wear blue frock coats, red caps with gold trimmings, and satin vests.

## SEVERE STORM.

On Monday, the 9th inst., a severe storm of wind, rain and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning, passed over Frederick county, Va., uprooting trees, prostrating fences, and damaging the crop. At Winchester the chimney of the Farmers' Bank was struck by lightning, and many persons in the neighborhood seriously stunned. After the storm a slave woman belonging to Henry Kinseid, of Winchester, was drowned in attempting to ford a stream in a buggy.

In Westmoreland, Va., many large barns, stables, out-houses, and fences, were blown down, and numbers of trees uprooted! At White Point Fishing landing, a seine boat, containing four men, was upset, and two of the men drowned. A schooner lying in Mattox Creek was upset, and the captain drowned. He was in the cabin at the time, but could not get out in time to save himself. The schooner Industry, Captain Wilkerson, from White Point, with 15,000 herring, was capsized on Gum Bar. The crew escaped.

## A DUEL.

The Washington Correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald*, communicating with that paper says: "It is reported from Washington that Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, has challenged Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, to mortal combat, and that the latter had accepted the invitation and selected bowie knives for weapons." [Mr. Pryor's second refused the weapons, and the affair passed off.]

## A Corner for the Little Ones.

BY LAURA L. OF LANG SYNN N. C.

Dear Children:—I have been unpacking an old trunk, and among other things took out some old Magazines, nine years old. They are the numbers, for one year, of the *Evergreen*, published in Ashboro', in this State. We dearly loved and prized that *Evergreen*, but it only lived one year. The one who had the charge of it, watched and tended it very carefully; but it did not have sunshine enough, and it died, to the great grief of many who had watched and helped to rear it. We were young then, and more enthusiastic than now; and how earnestly we watched every new branch and bud it put forth; and how we admired the older branches, as they grew in grace and beauty. O, what changes have we all seen since then! I hope our Greensboro Times may indeed prove an *Evergreen*.

But my little readers will think this very uninteresting. Well, in that Magazine I proposed "A Corner for the Little Ones," and wrote a few pieces for that Corner, one of which I will copy here. Others that may fill that Corner I will write expressly for you. The Mary and Lizzie I wrote about, are still living, and grown young ladies.

## MARY AND LIZZIE.

Thoughtful Mary, sprightly Lizzie,  
Went to take a walk one day,  
Daily laughing, sweetly talking,  
In the pleasant month of May.

As they wandered, much they pondered,  
Where the Fairies all had gone,  
And said, "let's look by this pretty brook,  
If we cannot find one!"

They hoped to see beneath a tree,  
With freshly lances to play,  
A palmer rare with a Queen so fair,  
Lit up as bright as day.

The Lily bell would do so well  
For the Fairy ladies' throng,  
And the pretty tall, low looking all  
When the Queen's fine speech was done.

This bank of moss just laid across  
This little nook so green,  
Would be the hall, where they would all  
Await the round the Queen.

Their rainbow wings so glittering,  
In the light of the firefly,  
And their flowing hair, in the moonlit air  
Amid the dances made.

The whisper will with voice as shrill,  
Would call to the banquet then,  
And the Fairies all their wreaths let fall,  
And listen to the queen—

Some on a mossy mound, some on a leaf,  
Some on a firefly ride,  
While one little Fay, in laughing play,  
Might ride a beetle's side.

"We would not fear," said Mary dear,  
"To meet the Fairy Queen,  
For if we're good, I've understood,  
She still with smiles is seen."

And Lizzie said, as she raised her head,  
—This is a pleasant place,  
But Anny dear, told me, that here,  
We must no longer stay.

So Mary came, will hasten home,  
And come another day,  
And breathe our flowers, in those sweet bowers  
And again at Fairies play."

## THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The clock in the tower of the Cathedral of Strasburg is not only a monster in size, but is the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world. It is 100 feet high, 30 wide and 15 deep. About 20 feet from the bottom is the dial, on each side of which is a cherub, holding a small mallet in his hand, while over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Fifty feet above the dial is a co'sal figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right. A figure of a young man in front strikes the third quarter on the bell in Time's left hand, and then turns and glides with a slow step around behind Time, when out comes an old man with a mallet and places himself directly in front of the great Reaper. As the hour of 12 comes, the old man deliberately strikes with much power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man again comes out and takes his position ready to do his duty when called upon by the machinery. As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is set in motion, some twenty feet higher still, where there is a high cross with the image of Christ upon it. The instant twelve is struck, a figure of one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, and walks on around his place. This is repeated, until twelve figures, representing the twelve Apostles, as large as life, walk out, bow and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous game cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck and crows three times so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and with life-like naturalness. Then all is as still as death.

## THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL.

Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil a sound is sometimes heard so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the Arawonda. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow wherever you go. The Arawonda is white, with a circle of red around its eyes; its size is about that of a small pigeon.



## Times' Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., April 13, 1860.

"Bibliography" between two Members—No Record of Congress—L. S. Agricultural Society—The Catox Investigation and the President's Protest—Personal—Two shooting cases.

The great topic of conversation here since Wednesday last is "the duel." Messrs. Pryor of Va., and Potter of Wis., had some very "hot words" in the House last Wednesday, growing out of a debate in that Hall, after which Hon. R. A. Pryor sent a challenge to Hon. Mr. Potter, which the latter accepted, and they, with their seconds, immediately left the District for the purpose of engaging in a duel. It is rumored that they are in or near Alexandria, Va., though our police, who have been endeavoring to find them, are still "in the dark." Many persons think the duel took place last evening; the general anxiety is increased by the severity and silence which shrouds the whole affair.

It is now almost a settled fact that there will be no recess of Congress for the purpose of enabling the members to attend either of the Conventions for the nomination of President or Vice-President. However, it is understood that a number of the members will attend these conventions, and from past experience we know that no business of importance will be transacted during their absence.

The House bill to incorporate the U. S. Agricultural Society, located in this District, was passed by the Senate, despite the objection to which it was liable, that it is a general corporation instead of being merely a local one.

The reports from the majority and minority of the House Judiciary committee adverse to the President's position in his protest against the Catox resolutions, are once more up for consideration next Monday. The Democrats generally concur in the opinion that the Catox movement was one of a partisan character yet a majority of the House will probably be found in opposition to the President's views. The Committee seem to take the ground that Mr. Catox's resolution did not contemplate a judgment, but was merely to enquire into the correctness of certain allegations; therefore there can be no formal trial. In this respect the President is not even entitled to the privileges and immunities of a private citizen; and is less favored than Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Senator Davis of Mississippi is detained at home by the illness of one of his family, and will probably return in a few days to resume his public duties. Two young sons of our fellow citizen, Clark Mills, Esq., are about to repair to Munich, to study the artists' profession.

Two shooting cases occurred here last Sunday, neither of which proved fatal. One took place in a restaurant on the corner of 7th st. and Louisiana avenue, wherein the proprietor, Mr. R. Marshall, was near losing his life by a pistol shot from the hand of Mr. J. M. Brent, of Alexandria, Va., who is well known as being very respectably connected here and in Baltimore. The affair arose from some pecuniary transactions between the parties. Mr. Brent gave himself up to the police, and seemed to regret his hasty action in the affair. The case will be tried in the Criminal Court. The second affray took place near the farm of Mr. J. B. Haw, between that gentleman and a negro man who used very insolent language to, and finally attacked and struck Mr. Haw, whereupon the latter fired at him. This being the second time the negro (John Banks), has attacked Mr. Haw, there seems to exist no friendly feeling between them.

Baltimore, April 10th 1860.

"Home again"—From Memphis to Petersburg—Scenes by the way—Stoppages, wishes and hopes for their improvement—Popularity of the Times—Our Rail Road.

Dear Times—"Home again!" is a joyful sound to the weary wanderer, who has long been far away from all who are nearest and dearest to him, among strangers, suffering want and discomfort and no one at hand to cheer and console him. Let him inclined to smile at this trite philosophy only experience the trial and one essay, if he is a true man, will amply suffice to teach him the blessings of a return to a pleasant home.

Leaving the prosperous and hospitable city of Memphis we sped along the M. & C. R. R. to Chattanooga, consuming twenty-two hours only on the way, 300 miles; the entire journey from Memphis to this point, occupying some four days and nights and costing about \$40. Memphis is destined we think to become one of the most flourishing cities of the South; she certainly possesses in an eminent degree all the essential elements of commercial prosperity and being almost an offshoot of our own state we are much inclined to give her our best wishes. Her location is said to be the highest on the Mississippi and to be exceedingly healthy. The River was stated to be 25 feet lower there now than at the corresponding period last year, which was considered favorable to the planters, enabling them to cultivate the bottoms to a greater extent. Among other friends we met there, we must not omit to mention Mr. J. W. Conrad, well known as a contractor throughout this section; we were glad to find him in a flourishing condition of body and business.

We enjoyed the opportunity of a more minute survey of our route and our opinion of its remarkable beauty is still increased; the situation of Chattanooga is strikingly beautiful; the lofty "Lookout Mountain" looms up grandly almost within a stone's throw of the town and parties frequently stop there a day or two to rest and enjoy the wide spread view over hill and dale from its summit there is probably

a more extensive series of splendid landscapes accessible from this point than from any other on the road. All along this route from the last named place to the Virginia line the scenery is also good, abounding in mountain views, but from Abingdon to Lynchburg it is unsurpassable for its pastoral beauty; on either hand you see thousands of gently swelling hills, clothed in the richest green of the young wheat; beyond are the mountain summits, fading dim and blue in the distance; bold streams are leaping by your side with all the frolicsome gaiety of a mountain lassie; this lovely valley nourishes the head waters of several fine streams which respectively contribute to the Ohio, the Tennessee and our own noble Potomac.

We have elsewhere spoken of the various and vexatious delays the traveler is subjected to by not being able to connect at the various termini of the several roads; this is a serious evil and deserves a careful consideration and a speedy remedy; these many stoppages very much reduce the average speed of the travel and with many men of business this is one of the main considerations. We had the curiosity to examine the Sleeping Car arrangements, and I am abundantly satisfied; the berths are but very little wider and longer than the ordinary seat; the pillows and covering are of an exceedingly neat pattern, while the price is of considerable dimensions; Seats for a berth and 25cts. for the privilege of waking your face. We were not at all surprised at being informed that the arrangement was not very well patronized; they ought to be true. The next improvement we expect to see will be an Eating Car; at the Depots where we are to eat let them lie on a car already arranged for a meal and then we can dine or sup at the rate of 20 cents an hour, instead of losing two hours a day in eating; after the meal the car could be pushed back to wait for another arrival; we do not despair of seeing this suggestion practically carried out.

We are glad to be able to report that on several occasions in various places we have heard the Times alluded to in very complimentary terms; we hope too that these good opinions will ultimately ripen into action and that a refreshing shower of subscriptions may descend into the paper's editorial.

We cannot close this rough sketch of a flying trip without saying a word of justice in behalf of one of our own institutions, to the effect that the R. & G. R. R. is the best one we have seen in our travels. Yours &c., P. S.

Baltimore, N. C., April 17th 1860.

The Political condition of the Union: let the Freedom think and act for themselves: politics and Parties—That "Small" article badly quizzed—Storm—Fire and Death—Church improvement.

Dear Times—Our great biennial political contest has commenced in earnest and already the two parties are marshaling their forces and preparing the munitions of war; the campaign will probably be the warmest, as it is one of the most important we have known for many years. In a matter of so great concern it well behooves all the voters of the State to examine carefully the issues presented to them and, breaking loose from party trammels and political organizations, to decide them on their intrinsic merits. Occupying as we do the proud and conscientious position of a neutral, we have not a word to say in behalf of any political party; in fact we cannot now discern any of those great cardinal principles which formerly divided the two prominent parties: the South is now more immediately concerned in a struggle for our dearest rights than for abstract and remote questions of policy and we here to-day have to think and decide upon the great question of "ad valorem." We cannot see how the two parties should be divided on this point and every true man should endeavor to decide according to the merits of the case and independently of ancient political bias.

The contest was commenced in this County on Saturday last at Franklin's by a barbecue and speeches; Messrs. S. H. Rogers and K. P. Battle announced themselves candidates for the lower House, in favor of "ad valorem;" their friends have organized a club and are preparing measures for an effective campaign. We have heard of no movements on the other side, but doubtless they will "take a hand" in good time; there is some talk of a fraternal contest all round, each candidate to be opposed by his brother in law. The two gubernatorial aspirants are in town and it is supposed that they will "have a crack" at each other in a day or two. Both sides are full of hopes and spirits and either is prepared to "go their lengths" on their favorite candidates. "God defend the right," say we.

We are glad that you have noticed the exceedingly impertinent article in the New York Journal of Commerce, in regard to "snuff-dipping;" the author perhaps selected our State as an easy prey, a silent mark at which he could spit his filthy venom and escape unreprieved. As far as the pretended facts are concerned they are entirely without foundation and as a hoax the affair is richer than the famous "Arrowsmith," which was so successfully palmed off on the London Times. Many of your readers must have enjoyed the joke intensely and doubtless sundry vests, waist bands and suspenders have suffered in an alarming degree. The funniest part of the matter and one which shows an astonishing credulity in a man of intelligence and at the same time an amazing amount of ignorance is in the passages where the erudite author describes the prevalence of the custom "on the promenade," gravely informs us that "one mop suffices for many mouths." That the "usual brush is a pine

stick softened at the end," and that "the negroes drive a profitable business" in the sale of sticks already chewed. Where under the sun did the author find out so much about it? Into what low dens has he wandered to gather so much disgusting filth? Believe us, Messrs. Editors of the Journal, you have permitted your wits to be led most villainously astray or you have been most egregiously quizzed.

We had a violent storm in this vicinity last week, which did a very considerable amount of damage; trees and fences suffered to a great extent, chimneys were blown down and in one instance a house was so much wrecked by the fall of a tree on it, that the inmates were completely blockaded and had to be cut out; fortunately no one was seriously injured. On Walnut Creek, a few miles from the City, a young man by the name of Goodwin was stricken from his horse and killed by lightning; this fatal flash was remarkably sharp and was the only noticeable one during the storm; on or near the same locality a man and mule were killed while ploughing not long since. Goodwin's horse escaped unhurt.

The beautiful and rural neighborhood of Lake Scuppernon is the scene of a sad disaster; on Sunday last the residence of Mr. Chas. Peigrew, pleasantly situated on the lake side and surrounded by a fine grove, was entirely destroyed by fire. The family were at dinner, but on the alarm being given all hands worked with the energy inspired by fear and love and by great exertions a large portion of the furniture was saved. The fire is supposed to have originated from the kitchen, which was in the basement.

Preparations are in progress for the erection of the tower of the Episcopal Church in this City; it may be recalled that the late Dr. Watson left a fund for this purpose, which has now accumulated sufficiently.

Mr. Eli Smallwood, an old and esteemed citizen of Newbern, is recently deceased; he amassed a large fortune as a merchant many years ago and turned his attention to farming. Yours, &c., P. S.

## Miscellaneous News Items.

## SUDDEN DEATH.

Archibald Frazier, while eating dinner at his boarding house in Savannah, Georgia, on Tuesday, suddenly became speechless, and died in two minutes. A post mortem examination revealed a large piece of beef fastened in the wind pipe, and checking respiration.

## SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

The official Madrid Gazette contains the preliminaries of the treaty of peace between Spain and Morocco. Morocco cedes all the territory between the sea and the road to Aughera; the convention of 1859 relative to "Mellilla" ("Melilla") is ratified; an indemnity of 20,000,000 piastres is to be paid to Spain for the expenses of the war; and in the meantime Spain is to hold Tetuan; a commercial treaty is guaranteed, and a Spanish minister and missionaries are permitted to reside at Fez. The treaty is to be signed at Tetuan, April 23, and a commission is to be appointed to determine the boundaries between Spain and Morocco.

## THE SEWAGE OF CITIES APPLIED TO AGRICULTURE.

A movement is making in England to apply the sewage of cities and the waste manure of large towns to agriculture, by which it is believed that what is now worthless, if not poisonous, may be converted into a source of great wealth.

It is asserted that, as far as the engineering is concerned, there is now no difficulty in securing the whole of the London sewage, estimated, as it flows into the Thames, at 70,000,000 tons annually. Applying it at the rate of 40 tons an acre, it would manure 1,750,000 acres annually, without the aid of a single cart load of farm-yard manure. Wherever the sewage has been employed it has increased the fertility of the land more than 100 per cent. And it is also stated that 750 tons of the rich liquid sewage of London can be delivered to a distance of 100 miles round London, and on every farm included in that area, at a less cost than the farmer is now paying for 1 ton of guano, while the 750 tons of sewage contains more fertilizing matter than 7 tons of guano. If the requisite works for the distribution of the sewage are carried on in a business-like manner, it is estimated to pay 10 per cent. interest on the capital employed to distribute the manure at the above-named rates to the farmer.

## GLASS COFFINS.

The glass coffins recently invented are manufactured of plate an inch thick, and indestructible from the action of earthly compounds, and as they are so constructed that the air within the coffin can be extracted by means of the air-pump, the corpse enclosed will necessarily be preserved for ages, without change in features or freshness.

## RAILROAD IRON.

The Bulletin says that four cars, laden with iron for the Wilmington & Rutherfordton Railroad, arrived at Charlotte on Saturday last to be used at that point leading to Rutherfordton.

## MASONIC.

Vice President Breckinridge, G. N. Schwartzman, M. D. Haley, and two others, received the thirty-third or highest degree in Masonry in Washington on Thursday. Albert Pike, sovereign Grand Commander of Arkansas; Albert Mackey and Giles M. Hillyer, of Mississippi, and B. B. French performed the initiatory service.

REV. C. F. DEEMS, D. D.

This distinguished Clergyman, a member of the North Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South, sailed for Europe in the Steamer Illinois on the 7th inst. The New York Commercial, in noticing Dr. D.'s departure, says:—"We have had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Dr. Deems for more than twenty years, and known him to be laborious in the discharge of his professional duties. He now finds it expedient to have a little relaxation, and goes abroad in the hope that a few months will enable him to return with fresh strength to his pulpit duties in the South. The catholicity of Dr. Deems' character, we are persuaded, will make him many friends in whatever place he may visit."

## JOHN MITCHELL.

This distinguished Irishman and eloquent orator, lectured at Richmond last week. His subject was the present Emperor of the French. Mr. Mitchell has just returned from France, where he has seen and heard much of the gay and excitable people, who compose the French nation. He has too, no doubt, gleaned much concerning the Emperor, which will prove exceedingly instructive and entertaining, and those who hear him must be fully repaid.

## EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The Forty-fourth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of North Carolina, will be held in St. Peter's Church, Charlotte, on the 24 Wednesday (the 5th day) in May 1860.

## MISSOURI POLITICS.

The Missouri Democratic State convention has nominated Clayborn Jackson for Governor, Thomas C. Reynolds for Lieutenant Governor, B. F. Massey for Secretary of State, and A. W. Morrison for Treasurer, and have passed resolutions approving Mr. Buchanan's administration; affirming the doctrine that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislatures have power to abolish slavery or prohibit its introduction into the Territories; repudiating the doctrine of "unfriendly legislation" favoring the fugitive slave law; charging the invasion of Virginia as the legitimate result of the teachings of the Republican party; repudiating the stereotyped charge of disunion sentiments so often repeated for party effect, against the Democratic party; denouncing the doctrine of an "irrepressible conflict" between free and slave labor; advocating the peaceful acquisition of territory, especially of Cuba, and favoring a judicious system of internal improvements in Missouri.

Mr. S. J. Piggott, whose arrest was noticed a few weeks since on the charge of forgery, says the High Point Reporter, had a trial at the last term of the Superior Court for Davidson county, and was acquitted.

The following is a part of one of the "home ballads" sung by the strikers at Lynn, Massachusetts:

Strike! at the bosses and the buyers!—  
Strike! for bread, groceries, and fires!—  
Strike! till your last red cent expires!—  
Strike! till your owners raise your hires!  
And give you holiday!

A letter from an officer of the African squadron says: the discovery of coal in Liberia, all the hills ranges abounding with it will bring not only wealth, but civilization of Africa. The only drawback is the want of proper harbors for vessels along the coast.

## THE PROBABLE NOMINEES.

The Washington Correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial says:

Delegates to the Democratic Convention are congregating here, on their way to the hospitable scene of their coming labors, and the chances of the candidates are being weighed "with many dreams, but without scruples." Judge Douglas, it is generally conceded, will have a majority of votes on the first ballot, but will not easily command the requisite two thirds. Many of his friends, however, are sanguine that he will be the nominee with Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, as Vice-President.

## MEXICAN NEWS.

The steamer Isabel, from Havana and Key West, brings important intelligence from Mexico. The correspondent of Morning News, of Savannah, writes from Vera Cruz on the 1st, that the raising of the siege by Miramon is confirmed. The retreat was caused by want of provisions and munitions of war. It was stated that Miramon lost two thousand men out of his investing force of five thousand. The loss to the city of Vera Cruz by bombardment, as well as to the Liberals, is but trifling. Advances from the city of Mexico state that there was great feeling there in favor of a war with the United States in consequence of the seizure of the Miramon steamers. The steam corvette Brooklyn, (twenty five guns,) with Mr. McLane and Consul Pickett on board, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 28th ultimo. The United States steam corvette Pocahontas (five guns) left Key West on the evening of the 10th, for Vera Cruz.

We have on our table the North Carolina University Magazine for April. The illustration is a portrait of "Hon. John Hall, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of North Carolina."

## MONEY RECOVERED.

Augusta, April 13.—It is reported that the money of the Marine Bank, stolen at Columbus, has been recovered.

## THE WESTERN EXTENSION.

We are gratified to learn that this Road, is progressing westwardly with rapidity. The cars now make the depot eleven miles west of Newton, and will reach within ten miles of Morganton by mid-summer, in time for the lowlanders, to spend part of the season among the Mountains of North Carolina. Contractors have gone to work beyond Morganton and are pecking away in the side of the Blue Ridge.

## POLITICAL METAMORPHOSIS.

The Raleigh Press says it is rumored in that city that the Hon. Kenneth Rayner positively refuses to endorse the *ad valorem* plank in the Opposition platform, and will probably take the stump in a few days for Governor Ellis. It is also rumored that he has written to Mr. Donnell the alternate to the Baltimore Convention, informing him that he cannot serve as a delegate to that Convention, but, that he expects to support the nominee of the Charleston Convention, for the presidency. The Press will not vouch for the truthfulness of these remarks, but thinks there is little doubt of their correctness.

Seventy-five special temporary police have been engaged in Charleston, to serve during the session of the convention.

## THE MILITARY OF THE STATES.

Col. Roberts of the United States army has proposed a plan of reorganization of the militia of the several States. He proposes a short term of service for volunteers, who are to be armed and equipped, and disciplined by Congress, and to be paid for a few days' service each year when under instruction, discipline, and drill. He fixes this volunteer force at 200,000, and proposes to divide them in all the States in proportion to their population, believing this division will give to each State sufficient force to preserve domestic tranquility to prevent insurrection, and to enforce the laws. When war is declared, the militia to be subject to the call of the President, to repel invasion, and even to carry on offensive and foreign war. The plan is before Congress for its consideration.

## LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.

Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares:—"There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child's mid-summer holiday. The time, I mean when two or three of us used to go away up to the brook, and take our dinners with us and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched, and recognition, with a great nose-gay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands, out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, and after that? Depend upon it a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

The poem read by Rev. Byron Sunderland, and the oration delivered by Hon. Mr. Curry, of Alabama, at the celebration by the Literary Society of the Columbian College, D. C., on Thursday last, are highly spoken of by all who heard them. The President, and a large audience, attended on the occasion.

## SUDDEN DEATH.

On the 6th inst., Col. Edmund Heard, an old and respected citizen of St. Mary's county Md., on his way home from church, whither he had been to attend the funeral of a neighbor, fell from his horse, in a fit of apoplexy, and almost instantly expired.

## LOCUSTS.

We learn that these insects are making their appearance upon the surface of the earth in this vicinity, in great numbers. We have seen some of the eggs which they construct upon the ground, and which somewhat resemble those of the dirt-dauber. —*Denville (Va) Register.*

## PASTORAL CALL.

The Presbyterian Church of Washington, N. C., has invited Rev. Mr. Wood of Rowan, to preach for them, with a view to give him a "call," if he and they can come to satisfactory terms.

## CHURCH DEDICATION.

The Third Street Methodist Church, Lynchburg, Va., is nearly completed; and Bishop Pierce is expected to preach the dedicatory sermon, on the first Sunday in May. On the third Sabbath in May, Bishop Pierce is announced to dedicate a Church in Charlestown, Va.

A Patent was issued last week to Calvin Cox, of Coxville, N. C., for an improvement in breach-loading fire-arms.

Rev. Dr. McClintock, preached his farewell sermon in the Fourth Avenue Methodist Church last Sabbath. He leaves soon for Paris, where he takes charge of the American Chapel.

## THE VALUE OF MANUFACTURING.

It is one of the Waltham statistics which is worth remembering, that "a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is thus manufactured into one hundred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred dollars."

Everybody is pleased with everybody just as they are with the weather—when it suits them.







WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.  
"It Is I."

BY LEWIS CLINT GAY MILLAR.

The storm beats high on Tallulah's dark wave,  
And tollingly they row,  
The few, the firm, the feeble men to save  
From watery graves below:  
Their labors seem in vain; and now, dimly,  
They see a specter near:  
But Jesus gently speaks: "Be not afraid;  
'T is I, he of good cheer."

On life's rough stormy sea, a little band,  
Beating low and true,  
Rowed homeward 'gainst adverse winds, to land  
Safe on the other side:  
Disheartened now, they see some spectral shade,  
And cry out, full of fear:  
But Jesus gently speaks: "Be not afraid;  
'T is I, he of good cheer."

He comes into the ship—the wind, the wave,  
Are calm at his command:  
And those who strove before themselves to save  
Row safely to the land.  
His word now stills the winds and waves that roar  
Around life's voyage here:  
His hand will guide us to the heavenly shore,  
And land us safely there.

And when dark doubts and gloomy fears arise,  
And roll above my head,  
Blest Jesus will then hear my earnest cries:  
Did you, "be not afraid,"

Will you be near me when I reach Death's shore?  
My hope and comfort be,  
And when the dreary voyage shall be o'er,  
May I be found with thee?

## Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Motherless Child.

THERE had been a death in the parish. Down the still lanes over the deeply rutted roads, moist with November rains, a hearse had gone, and a little company followed closely after. The daughter of a proud woman was buried in the little village churchyard. Disappointed in her unbounded ambition Vivian Gray, the aged, the unhappy—but not quite desolate mourner (for a little child held her hand) stood bent and tearful over the humble grave. Elder Hall-ton, a man of fine presence, his face now turned down to a gentle sympathy, spoke comforting words to her, but she seemed to hear them not.

At last she gathered up her long garments and turned stately away to seek her home and commune with her own grief.

"Proud as ever, even in affliction," muttered some one who stood near the elder.

"Judge not, my friend," said the latter, with a cold, calm voice, "under that alien which has grown habitual may be a heart bowed down with its sense of unworthiness," and he too left the grave.

"Who was this woman?" asked a stranger.

"She who was buried? I do not know, except she was the daughter of Vivian Gray. There was some serious trouble connected with her life—she ran away, I believe, perhaps with a scoundrel. She might have been married—she might not—you understand."

"Ah! that is sad—but my question had reference to the very tall personage who appeared to be the chief mourner."

"O! that is Vivian Gray—Mrs. Vivian, as she is called—the proudest creature in the country. When she was young, they say she broke her elder's heart—at any rate he has never married whether he thought as much of her as they said or not. She is counted in many respects a good neighbor—yet, sir, I don't believe there is that person living who bears her any love. And the more so fortune comes, the prouder she grows. It's the way with some natures, sir, as with some trees—pride is the sap down, and they'll spread at the sides. She had great hopes of her daughters, sir, beautiful girls, they were—she thought them too good for any man within a thou and miles of this, and waited, I expect, for some angel—or at the least an earl or lord from the old country, to come along."

"Instead of that, the first one married an adventurer, lived unhappily and came back to her mother. The second one became the wife of a poor fellow. God pity the wee little lumb pett behind. She'll stay at the Oaks—that's the old homestead of the Grays—a desolate sort of place, sir, and there she'll wither, for she can't grow."

After the funeral the elder felt himself called to visit the widow in her affliction. Never was there a gentler, more single-hearted man than the good old minister. Sorrow had purified him of much worldly dress, and he was thankful for her ministrations. But he was human and sometimes wished he had been able to put away the memory of that old, wild love; but as some plants, rudely pressed, can never be revived, so his nature, singularly sensitive, had never recovered wholly from the shock of that first disappointment. So as that tall figure went on its way to the Oaks—the sturdy head bent downward and bleached locks clinging to the temples—through thoughts and painful memories made his footsteps slower than was their wont. It was not long before the sonorous voice sounded through the great kitchen.

"The Lord hath seen good to afflict thee, sister. At such a time as this, words are vain things—thoughts of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Therefore I say

unto you—the Lord doth not willingly afflict the children of men! Why art thou cast down? My soul, why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God! You have been familiar with the scriptures from your youth up—apply therefore the consolations found therein to the wound in your heart. As for the child, may the Lord keep and spare her to bless your declining years. Let us pray."

The fervent and hearty amen having ended the petition, the elder rose circumspectly from his knees, wiping with the precision of custom, whatever adhered to them with his snowy handkerchief. Then he placed his broad-brimmed hat over his still luxuriant, though snow-white locks, methodically hitched and unlatched the door of the venerable house, and with measured gait that told little of the stern struggle in his heart, moved down the prime walk leading to the road.

Vivian Gray sat motionless, her head bowed upon the soft wavy curls of the little child who had fallen asleep on her bosom. Not a sob shook her frame. In strong anguish the soul is still, gathering up its mightiest energies to resist the emanation of sorrow. But one hour before she had seen the sunshine streaming across the brow of her youngest-born, and even to this moment, the dull, heavy sound of the clock, as they rattled upon the coffin, echoed through the house.

Perhaps another hour passed, and only for the slight movement of the foot, grandmother and little child might both be locked in soothing slumber.

All at once the huge chimney clock dotted out six heavy chimes. The solitary sunbeam had crept to its sole outlet over the door, a moment playing there, and a twilight darkness began to gather in the farther chambers, creeping gradually to where the mourning woman sat, and the unconscious child slept, knowing not, poor little one, the full weight of the sorrow which bore so heavily on the heart of the stricken mother.

Roused by the shrill tongue of the clock, and hearing quick foot-steps in the outer room, Vivian Gray lifted the sleeping babe, kissed her forehead, and, holding her tall form, carried the child up to a tiny bed in her chamber and laid her there. Standing silently for a moment after she had deposited the precious burden, she looked round upon every separate thing; lifted a scrap of paper upon which a trembling hand had traced a few lines, and reading it with lips tightly compressed, laid it carefully aside in a little drawer heavily filled with relics. Then she passed slowly down the stairs—paused at the foot for one moment to lean her head upon the carved banister, giving vent to a groan which, though low, issued from the very depths of no ordinary spirit, and striving to banish the gloom somewhat from her face, she entered the cheerful kitchen.

Cheerful because the splendor of a great fire glowed and crackled in the immense chimney-place. The black fumes charred by generations of hickory boughs flushed red with the light, and the white, oaken floor, shone with unwonted polish. In the centre her little round table was set, spread for the evening meal, and the bright, ruddy face of Cynthia Allen, a neighbor's daughter, crimsoned with pleasant exercise, gleamed upon her, smiling as thoughtlessly as if there was no ache in the aged heart to banish responsive cheerfulness.

"Thank you, Cynthia—you're very kind," said Vivian, coldly, making the cloth at one of the corners. "I had no knowledge you were here. I hope you've not taken your mother's time." She added in a constrained manner, for the rosy cheeks and generally happy expression of the young, healthful face, jarred sadly on her own life-worn spirit.

"I was not wanted at home," Mrs. Vivian, said Cynthia in a timid way. "Mother told me I'd better come in and help you, so I came. The minister was here at first, and I thought I wouldn't disturb you, so perhaps I mayn't have done things quite to your liking. Shall I pour the tea for you—or maybe you'd rather be alone?" she added, noting the deep sadness now mantling the face of the widow.

"Yes, Cynthia—I'd rather you would leave me—thank you for thinking of my wants. Tell your mother that I have a deep sense of her many kindnesses, both to myself—and Mary." The word trembled out from her pale lips. Suddenly resuming the laughfulness that seemed more in keeping with her lofty bearing, she added "good night, Cynthia—and thank you."

The girl walked home in that state of irritation which persons feel who are conscious that their best efforts are rewarded with but little kind remembrance.

"I do think it's the very hardest thing in the world to do a favor for Vivian Gray!" she exclaimed as she entered the room where her mother usually sat. "When she thanks you it gives you cold chills and as for being grateful for any little kindness I'm sure if she says so she don't mean it."

"Well, but everybody says she's brought all her trouble on herself. I'm sure you've made the remark often enough. Tell me, what is the reason she is so different from other people. I never could think what made poor Mary so weary-like—so rawed—almost fearful in the presence of her mother."

"It is easily told," said Mrs. Allen quietly. "Pride is the bane of Vivian Gray. When we moved here first she was a beautiful woman in the prime of life, with four sweet daughters and one son. The latter died when he was only seven years—the most indolently haughty boy I ever saw. His sisters were as self-willed and as lofty as himself—all but Mary, who was buried to day. Two of the girls married well

—that is, they obtained rich husbands, of their mother's choice more than their own, and both living unhappily, became the prey of melancholy. One died insane in another land—one lies where Mary was carried to day. Beatrice, the only child living, had the self will to marry just as her inclination prompted. An Italian singer saw and loved her—a penniless adventurer, with almost every virtue, however, but that (in the world's estimation) of wealth. He was as proud as Vivian Gray herself, claimed her daughter fairly, offering her a comfortable home. It was an insult in her estimation never to be overlooked, and he received a formal, polite reply. Vivian never condescends to anger. The result was an instant separation of mother and daughter, for Beatrice clung to the lover of her choice. They were married in this room, and that is the reason Vivian has never been more intimate with me. They left immediately for some Southern city, since which time I have only heard from them occasionally. I am inclined to think the husband is dead, though I hardly know why I should."

"And Mary, mother, what of her? I am sure, from her poor, wan face, she must have seen deep, deep sorrow."

"Ah! poor, gentle child! sorrow, indeed has she seen; a sorrow that has been worse than death to her haughty mother. A sorrow that must and will humble her pride if any earthly thing can. She was a pliant creature, and worshipped her mother, placing a blind reliance upon whatever she said, and feeling with a strangely trusting confidence that she could do no wrong. Led by her into an acquaintance that seemed in every worldly point of view unexceptionable (for an English nobleman sought her hand,) she was carried from home by her husband (so it seemed) after a secret marriage in which all parties were deceived, and in a foreign land, it is said, he used that she was a wife. The man, after some months of bitter, cruel treatment, deserted the poor child; she was forced to accept charity and lived wretchedly indigent, till some benevolent person brought her across the water, a broken-hearted woman and a mother—to reach her home and die."

"And does everybody know this, mother?" asked Cynthia—great tears trembling in her eyes.

"Yes, and without doubt, many rejoice over it. God knows I could not triumph had the woman been my bitterest enemy. But when the children were young, they were not allowed to associate with any of the village children. They were taught to consider themselves in all respects their superiors. This, of course, fostered a spirit of hatred, not only among the young but the parents. On account of my family coat of arms," added Mrs. Allen, smiling a little, "she showed me more deference than the rest—but I always knew my ancestral tree was the main object of her attentions than myself. It was chiefly on account of her supercilious distance that she was and is still called Vivian, instead of Mrs. Gray—the people thus signifying their contempt of her aristocratic airs. Poor woman—I pity her."

"And I pity that sweet little Mary," said Cynthia, compassion making her voice soft.

### CHAPTER II.

#### Alone.

AS VIVIAN GRAY had gone, Vivian Gray drew a chair to the table and sat down moodily. The tea smoked beside her in a little silver urn that had been used in her family for four generations. With an absent air she poured some of the sparkling beverage into the single cup, and then instead of drinking it, leaned her head upon her hand and closed her eyes.

What were the visions of that lonely woman, who, by assuming a false ascendancy over the mass of God's creatures around her, had isolated herself as completely (so far as human sympathy was concerned) as if her home were in the midst of a parched desert? Did memory call up the form of that patient husband who had trained himself for the sake of ministering to her pride? Did she remember his own expostulation with her, his meek, quiet forbearance—the words he used in his last sickness—

"It may be, Vivian, the Lord will punish us in our children."

There was but one left, Beatrice. Where she was, how situated, the widow knew not. It might be in that hour of her chastening, could she have reached her, she would have taken her back to her heart and home.

Unable to taste a mouthful of the supper prepared for her, Vivian Gray arose mechanically, and proceeded to clear off the table. A stranger might almost have read the depth of her suffering in rigid brow and tearless gray eyes—but stranger or friend would never venture to offer her sympathy. One instinctively felt that her joy or her grief were her own—and she was satisfied so to shield that, in the language, though not the spirit of scripture, she wished no one to intermeddle with her sorrow.

Her very appearance did, as Cynthia Allen described it, cast a chill over one's heart. She was very tall, very erect. Her features, once regally beautiful, were thin and pinched—her eye cold, keen and hard; her brow finely formed and from which the silver white hair was smoothly parted, and folded high upon the back of the head. She wore no cap. Her dress seemed made of materials that were never seen on other people. Her colors were her own fashion. Her ways were all different from those of her neighbors, or your neighbors, reader; they were born, had been fostered and confirmed in pride.

Yet, wistful, she was not wholly disagreeable.

She so seldom smiled that when she did it gave her face an almost irresistible beauty, and warmed the heart up as with a flash of heart-lightening. All her children, save Beatrice, she had been able to control by the power of that singular smile. For many days, however, she had not relaxed in the stern, thoughtful sorrow of her face—and as she moved about the old kitchen now, stately and unbending, there was something almost awful in the immobility of her features.

Gradually, the darkness had settled down. Without, it was draping the whole sky in deep, dense gloom; within, the fitful glow of the fire danced oddly on the walls, and seemed to set the ancient furniture in motion.

It was the very last day in November, and the morrow was the sabbath. The fall sprites had made rapid progress, and changed all the fields to a sombre brown—and on her grave was no green thing. The widow thought of this as she drew her stand with the bible upon its nearer to the fire, and then as her wont was, leaving her brow upon her hand, the vision of her children passed before her. Singly they came. First Isora with her dark beauty and flowers upon her queenly head—her smile, scornful when it was not sweet, and passing sweet like her mother's, when it was not scornful. Then Cicely, with her pretty, childish ways, and a susceptible head that it took long years and a great patience to spoil.

Next Bertrand, by whose untimely death, her soul was almost sent from her body—Bertrand, who, most of all, resembled her in mind and face, and who had almost spurned to hear the common lot of death.

Beatrice—frank, sunny-tempered, but wild, defiant and determined—stood before her with a strange sadness touching the downcast brow and eyelids—but she melted away, and in her place, knelt the lamb of the flock, "sweet Mary," the true, pure hearted child with her soft, positive beauty and her willing, winning ways. Could it be that to-night she was sleeping in a dreamless rest? Did a narrow coffin enclose, and the black, moist earth cover her? Should she listen no more for the silver ringing of her little bell, and hastening up, bear that dear head tenderly on her bosom never again? It could not be; she had seen the tremulous light fade from her blue eyes. She had herself pressed down the waxen lids, and after severing one golden curl, laid the shining tresses back thread by thread, till like the sun-petred marble, they seemed to blend with the snowy whiteness of her brow.

And yet another change of thought—she was with her again. Yes, even by her side, beaming a white fawn for little Mary. How fast the slender fingers flew! How the flash of the fire brightened up the stray curls that had before been in the shadow! How mournfully sweet was her smile, and her ever gentle acquiescence! The past was forgotten—her loving child was with her—not in that lonesome greenish grave—but with her—her soul was light again—and at that moment of strange delusion came a sound that started every pulse in her frame to a hurried, feverish beating. The widow sprang from her chair—it was no delusion—it could be no delusion—that voice that called "mother, mother," with silvery cadence, and the door shook with the touch of fingers.

"Mother, mother!" and again the door shook and trembled.

The blood ran chilly round her heart, thrilling every vein with a fear new and strange. "God help me! what is it?" she cried aloud in her wild agitation.

"It's I, mother," echoed the silvery voice now smaller and more pathetic—but it acted like magic upon the startled nerves of the woman. She drew a deep breath—the color came to her face again, she threw open the door and caught little Mary in her arms, murmuring, "I had forgotten you, child."

"It's a I think up stairs—where's my other mother?" folding her arms about that withered neck. "It's all dark up stairs."

(Mary had trained her child to call Vivian, mother—that she might still fancy the darling of her old age lived again in her youth.)

"It's all dark here, poor child—dark all round us—dark dark as my soul!" murmured Vivian, for the first time since her daughter had died, bursting into tears. The little girl sat mute with surprise. She seemed to have lost the memory of her question in the mystery of this new emotion. The feelings of an adult are interpreted by thought—the thoughts of a child by its feelings. Little Mary had always felt the wide, wide space between her grandmother and herself; kisses, caresses had not lessened it, but tears, the self tears opened her heart, young as she was, to a new love, and now the sleep of her dimpled arms interpreted warmth and intimacy of childish love.

With the last plights of the sad little voice, the fire flame brightened, flashed up, and sank down again into the red coals. The child watched it with unsteady glances, listening patiently for an answer. But the brightness of her cry became, by degrees, only the reflection of the fire—they moved slower and more slowly—we are fixed for a moment—then the lids drooped, closed—the fair head fell back, and the little child slept again before Vivian Gray had answered her question, "where is my mother?"

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Sunday After.

Sunday proved dreary and rainy. The few crimson flowers that had clung to the vines, laid spotted and bent into the earth by the storm. The vines themselves with their yellow leaves curled, clung against the easement as the wind shook out the remnant of their summer vigor. The fields, the hedges, the hills, the sky, all were gray and dismal. The apples had been gathered in, so the trees and the near orchard no longer sheltered the golden fruit under covert of emerald.

It was a very cheerless Sabbath morning to the happy, the young hearted, but to her who knew where the winds sighed most mournfully, and where the little brown turfts of withered verdure bent closer over a bosom she loved, it was a terrible day.

Little Mary sat in her high chair opposite her grandmother, slowly eating her bread and milk from her silver cup—Vivian Gray had never parted with her family plate—when with the prelude of a low knock, Cynthia Allen came in.

"Mother sent me over," she said, (she always said that for a week welcome), "to ask you if you wouldn't like to use the carriage to-day. No one is going but father and I"—she continued, stroking back little Mary's curls, for the child had got down, being very fond of Cynthia, and stood clinging to her dress.

"Mrs. Allen is very kind—very kind indeed!" said Vivian in reply, measuring her words, slowly. "It's a disagreeable rain, to be sure—but I won't put you to the trouble—I can wear my clogs and leave Mary at home. Mary, my child, it isn't pretty to hang on Cynthia's dress in that way—Cynthia, I won't trouble your folks to come round."

"O! it's no trouble—no trouble in the least!" said Cynthia, now holding the dimpled white hand of little Mary, who kept her great, serious blue eyes fixed on her face—"mother told me to say that there was plenty and plenty of room—and then we can take dear little Mary."

"My mother's gone to heaven," said the sweet child in a mournful voice, that quivered as she spoke—"my mother's dead."

Cynthia bent down and kissed her, shutting her eyes hard to keep back the sympathetic tears, while Vivian walked hurriedly towards the closet.

"I know it, dear," she found voice to say, at last.

"They carried her away—and they won't bring her back again—and I don't want to stay here all alone!" she sobbed out.

Cynthia wiped her eyes with her homespun apron, and thought how gloomy the great kitchen looked, and how sad it was for that little child to be as it were, quite companionless, with nobody but her strange, stately grandmother moving about like a ghost. As for Vivian Gray she swallowed her pride at sight of her weeping grandchild.

"Stop crying, Mary," she said, almost softly—"you shall go, my dear. I am obliged to your mother for her kindness; I will be ready when the carriage comes."

"Once," she murmured with bitterness in her voice, as Cynthia went out, "once I had a carriage of my own, yes," she folded her arms and stood gazing from the little window, "and a husband of my own, and children of my own. Where are they now? gone! gone! O! poverty, oh death! I hold a grudge against you both. Ye have spoiled my beautiful possessions. Ye have laid the mould on my heart's treasures."

For a moment she bent her head to hide the struggle that convulsed her features; then sweeping her hand over her face, she raised it above her head, smiled with a scornful lip, and muttering with defiant emphasis, "broken but not bent!" she carried Mary up stairs to prepare her for church.

She had read her bible that morning—a practice she had not once omitted since the day she was ten years of age—and now she was sixty. She could repeat the Psalms from beginning to end without misplacing a single proposition, and yet, oh! human blindness, she could not apply a single rebuke, nor adopt a single promise. She knew not him who said, "I will be with thee in six troubles and in the seventh I will not forsake thee."

Floating in the hazy air came the shime of bells. Vivian Gray had folded her shawl in its precise, triangular fashion, and her long veil, old but spotless, hung almost to her feet, under which her tall figure shot up to an unearthly stature. Yet, black though it was, and thick withal, the sharp glances of her gray eyes pierced through, and the outline of her white forehead and the pale shade of her hair, took a more ghastly hue from its darkness. Little Mary had a strip of black ribbon tied round her straw hat, but there was more of mourning in her blue eyes. She was very young, but she missed her mother.

They were soon seated in Mr. Allen's carriage, and driving slowly up the hill that intervened between home and the meeting house.

Never looked the church-yard so dismal as when they passed it on this morning. The rain was dripping from off the brown slabs, dripping from the naked branches of the oaks, and the mournful plumes, wet and drooping, of the weeping willows—dripping all over the stone walls. Not a bird was abroad. Now and then a squirrel darted out from some black nook. The ground all soaked and bare, heaped in some places and in others hollowed, bore the marks of recent footsteps, in which water had settled, all along its narrow path. There under two mounds, (one of them freshly made,) near the eastern corner, lay a Cicely and a Mary. The widow turned her glance away to the leaden sky, but, as was the custom of little Mary in the preceding night—"it was all dark up there!"

The grey old minister dwelt most eloquently upon the beautiful character of the dead, but not once did Vivian lift her eyes to the high pulpit, though to a stranger there was something in the pastor's face and mien that alone



might command attention. He was one of the old Pilgrim stock, and the tallest man in the parish, as Vivian Gray was the tallest woman. There was grandeur in every feature: in the stately curve of his brow, massive and bare at the temples, in the perfect outline of his full blue eye, and when he was rounded a sentence, he was apt to compress his lips and raise slightly his noble head, one would involuntarily compare him with some ancient Roman. Yet it must be confessed that nature had done more for the casket than the jewel enclosed within. Minister Rollston was not far removed from an ordinary preacher, though in the best and most sterling qualities of nature and religion, he was as perfect as poor humanity could be.

It was well known that the unfortunate termination to an attachment was the cause of his single blessedness, but of that we will say farther hereafter.

Many a sweet word was spoken from a distance to the bright little creature who walked so slowly and shyly up the narrow aisle after service, her white hand hidden in the folds of her grandmother's dress. Vivian Gray was spoken to by none but the pastor, who murmured a very few words in a low tone, and held out his hand to Mary. But the child shrank behind her grandmother. She only remembered him as the man who stood with immovable face above the body of her dead mother, when everybody else was weeping; and prayed with uncovered head, not that God would send her back, to bless and love her child, but as her little mind comprehended, would keep her for ever away from those who loved her so much more than it seemed even to could.

There were but few at church that Sabbath morning. After the congregation was dismissed, some stood in the porch—old meeting goers who were willing rather to lose their warm dinners than the afternoon service. The rest hurried out through the driving rain, either to their country vehicles, or gathering up their garments, moved quickly into the low-roofed cottages in the vicinity.

Within their snug carriage sat Vivian Gray and little Mary, comfortably ensconced on the wide back seat. Vivian sat with her head bowed—she spoke not, scarcely moved. Little Mary looked eagerly out and listened to that sound, thrilling to the heart of every real child, the heavy pattering of the drops, as they showered against the canvas covering.

At the top of the hill, the antique gable of the oak came slowly in view, covered with scarlet vines torn roughly by the wind, and showing many a mark of rain on the unpainted surface beneath. The mansion was very old—indeed—at the back entrance it was propped up, but the front still bore evidence of the taste that had once distinguished it as a pleasant residence, and the ornament of the village. The windows were latticed, the cornices elaborately carved, jutting over the top and nearly meeting at the center, the heavy Gothic-like porch by which the little black door was almost hidden. At every window there hung a narrow white curtain, looped and fringed. At each window also, the running woodbine clambered over and thrust its ambitious tendrils against the diamond panes, tapping there all day and all night when there was a breeze.

In by-gone times some sweet young face had often looked forth from those windows into the road, delighting the passer-by with its beauty; but how like a dream those visions of youth and loveliness seemed on such a day as this, as one gazed at the desolate old house.

Is it not so, that wherever time spoils it is with the master-touch of an artist? Over all the ravages, when years have done their round of duty, he throws a mantle of shadows and ivy. The very mould in unsightly crevices, catches beauty from the dew-laden winds, and in yellow, blue and brown, its sinewy length creeps up stained walls.

The plot before the oaks was still freshly green. November left beauty without where death had been desolating within. The vines, spotted in red and purple twined about the old-fashioned pillars and over the porch, looking like withered garlands of summer flowers. A blue settle stood stiffly against the outer wall. With every gust, showers of faded leaves swept from the great oak-trees, in honor of which the place was named, and coiled in circles tremulously verging away till they fluttered beyond the protecting trunk, and were beaten and discolored by the rain.

Vivian Gray and her dear little grandchild stepped out and hurried into the porch. With an air that—to do her justice—she really strove to make agreeable, the proud woman thanked the kind farmer, and as both disappeared beyond the narrow, gloomy entry, Cynthia shuddered, saying to her father, "I had almost rather die than live with Vivian Gray."

Vivian did not go out again that day. Her darling had been eulogized—her pride satisfied. What earthlyness yet lingered in the heart of the old preacher, had prompted him to any much in honor of the dead, and it may be that one, the very least, of his reasons, he would fain have persuaded himself, was, that Vivian Gray might listen and be pleased. But the subject was worthy all his eloquence—who had not loved Mary Gray, the only one of that proud family worthy of the general appreciation?

The stricken woman sat in that lonely chamber, sacred to the memory of her dead—her arms folded vice-like over her bosom thinking—thinking. Thought chased thought, and mingled as the great round drops upon the window-pane.

The little girl sat looking her picture-book through again and again—then moving uneasily about, she stood at the window to watch

the now driving storm. Then she passed to the great bed on which her mother had died, threw her dimpled arm over the white counterpane—moving slowly along up and down and gazing earnestly at the vacant spot where that sweet, pale face had laid—where the two meek, faded blue eyes had so often smiled upon her.

A long time elapsed, and her dream-like glances were riveted upon the pillow. She had folded together one dimpled hand, and leaning her cheek upon it, she stood there very still, while a strange, sad expression gathered in her face. Suddenly she gave a gasping, long-drawn sob, and turning to her grandmother, burst into tears.

"Are you sick, little Mary?" asked Vivian, rising in alarm.

The child shook her head. Her little coral lips quivered with grief as she exclaimed in her peculiarly plaintive voice.

"My mother's dead!"

"She's happy, in heaven, dear; she is very much happier than we," said Vivian, lifting her to her knee.

But the sobs came stronger and faster. She lifted her blue eyes all streaming with tears to her grandmother's face as she murmured, a half-frightened moan in her voice.

"My father's dead too; is my father dead?"

Vivian Gray started violently. A gesture of passion silenced the trembling child. A gleam of hatred shot from her dark eyes—she gathered Mary to her bosom as if she could have folded her in there forever.

"Your father—your father?" she cried, between her close shut teeth—alas! my poor child—God shield you from ever knowing who was your father."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N.C.

Terms.—Single subscribers, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$1.50 each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis on application. Address: COLE & ALBRIGHT.

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### Summer Programme.

Besides the beautiful Prize Story commenced in this number of The Times, "The Pride of Vivian Gray," by Mrs. Denison, we respectfully announce to our readers an interesting "Summer Programme" of entertainment with instruction:

HELEN GRAHAM: A Thrilling Love Story. By M. GENIEVE.

RUTH WARREN: A Story of the Revolution. By LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE: or, A Volunteer of 1812. By MABEL LANSING.

CONESTA: A Tale of Forest Days. By ASHLEY.

GRACE MORTIMER: or, The Orphan Heiress: A Tale of American Life. By Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS.

It will be a pleasure to turn aside from the heat and dust and excitement incident to the political campaigns fast approaching upon us, to something so entertaining, fresh and spicy.

The publishers of The Times will relax none of their efforts to make every department of the paper as interesting as possible.

### Weather.

We went to press last week with Thermometer at 90°. It suddenly changed, and fires were again required for comfort. It was, we presume, the last struggle of Winter for his icy reign, for again we have the warm, genial sun, and are casting off the heavy winter wardrobe for the beautiful and airy vestures of Spring.

### Massacre at Rome.

The Persia arrived at New York Thursday morning, with dates from Liverpool to the 1st inst.,—one day later. Her mails contain important news, of which the following is a summary:

The London Times contains a letter giving full details of the late massacre at Rome, by the Papal gendarmes. One hundred and forty-seven persons were either killed or wounded. A number of ladies were injured, and the American Vice-Consul received a stab in the side.

Several of the French military, off duty, were also wounded.

The disturbance occurred on the 19th ult., on which day there was to be a grand promenade demonstration on the outside of the Porta Pia, in honor of Joseph Garibaldi, and in commemoration of the annexation of Central to Upper Italy. The government consequently gave orders for that long road to be strongly occupied by detachments of horse and foot gendarmes.

These dispositions, however, had the effect of checking the demonstration, and some thousands of the promenaders resorted to the Corso instead, where great numbers of them appeared with bunches of violets in their button-holes.

The patrols of gendarmes, who had orders to parade the Corso, took umbrage at this symbol, and insisted upon the promenaders walking singly instead of taking each other's arms. So strange a demand of course brought on, in some cases, unpleasant rejoinders; and the gendarmes, unaccustomed to admit of any reply to their high behests, proceeded to make some arrests upon the Piazza Colonna, which were resisted by the people as unjust and arbitrary.

The gendarmes drew their swords, and a conflict would have taken place then and there, had not a French officer, interfered, and

reasoning with the gendarmes, induced them to give up the prisoners. The people took this as a triumph, and the gendarmes skulked amidst universal hissing. They lost no time in making their complaint at headquarters, and a quarter of an hour later a patrol of horse gendarmes entered the Piazza Colonna from the Piazza di Pietra, while a strong detachment of foot gendarmes issued from the police office to the Monte Citorio Palace on the other side. These two forces then, with drawn swords, made a combined attack upon the unarmed people on the Piazza Colonna, and in the Corso, striving tight and left, turning back carriage, knocking down foot passengers, men, women and children, ordering the *casse* to be closed and house doors shut, and, in fact, running a complete mack. It may be imagined what a panic was produced by this unexpected ruffianism. The people seemed terror-stricken, and those who were not quick enough in escaping from the Corso by the side streets were prostrated by the remorseless salutes of the gendarmes.

### Convention of Southern Inventors.

The Cincinnati Artisan dodges at a *dodge* in the manner and language following:

From some of our Southern exchanges we find that a call is made upon Southern Inventors to hold a Convention, at the city of Charleston, about the time that the Democrats Convention is to meet there. The reasons given are that there is a great and deplorable want of union and intercourse among Southern inventors, and the time seems to be fully come when a different state of things should exist. It is proposed to Southern Inventors to meet together at least once a year, for the interchange of opinions, etc., and to this end the formation of a protective union is desirable, through which each member may confer and receive benefit in the introduction of their respective inventions, etc.

This appears pretty readable, but the idea of an Inventor's Convention is not at all as plausible as the thought of confederating all the now antagonistic political parties into one harmonious union.

We should like to see the "mechanical device" that such a convention would unanimously resolve to adopt and recommend.

Here, however, is one of the "ears" of this call sticking out too prominently not to be discovered by any inventor:

"In the meantime, inventors who design attending may have suitable board engaged in advance, by addressing 'Dodge's Machinery Agency, Institute Hall, Charleston, S.C.'"

"Southern journals and periodicals friendly to this cause, will please copy and call attention to the same by editorial notice, sending marked copy to the above address."

This is the last "dodge" certainly, and should command the admiration of the "cutest Yankee." It is not equalled even by the man who located himself in an extreme Southern town and published a "Southern Reader," which was compiled by a Northern man, chiefly from Northern writers, printed and bound in Boston, and then offered to teachers from the North as the only appropriate book for Southern schools.

This book was not generally adopted, but will become more popular than this last "dodge."

### FRESHET IN THE WESTERN RIVERS.

PITTSBURG, April 11.

The heavy rains for the past three days caused a freshet, attended with the destruction of considerable property. The low lands along the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers are completely inundated. The rise came so suddenly that several coal boats on the Monongahela were swept over the dam and sunk. The number lost was thirteen, the loss being over \$16,000. The loss in Allegheny has been considerable. Several Manufactories were flooded, and families, in some instances, were driven from their dwellings. The railroads, also have suffered by land slides, which have impeded travel. Altogether, it has been one of the most destructive freshets experienced for many years. The rivers have now mostly attained the highest stage, rising but about an inch per hour. The Monongahela pier mark indicates twenty-nine feet and four inches—only twenty inches less than the great freshet of 1862.

### CLEVELAND, April 12.

The heavy rains of the past few days have resulted in considerable obstruction to the railroads in the State. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh and the Central Ohio Roads are both washed away in several places, and will be rendered impassable for a day or two. A message from Columbus says that all the Roads leading into that place are overflowed.

### PAPER CIRCULATION OF UNIFORM VALUE.

Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, has presented a bill in the House of Representatives to establish and regulate a paper circulation of uniform value throughout the United States. Sub-Treasurer or Treasurers of the mint and its branches shall receive deposits of gold or silver bullion or gold, and give the depositors certificates therefor, in sums of from twenty to one thousand dollars. These certificates are to resemble bank notes, to be signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, or some one appointed for that purpose in his name, and countersigned by the officers receiving the deposits for which they are to be exchanged.

### Preparations are making for a new World's Fair in London, in 1861; which is to aim at far wider and more practical results than that of 1851.

### The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association.

The National Intelligencer says: "A new appointment of Vice Regent for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association has just come to our knowledge so full of interest that we cannot refrain from placing it before our readers."

"From various circumstances beyond control South Carolina has been one of the few States unrepresented in this band of sister patriots, notwithstanding which she has voluntarily contributed a considerable amount towards the 'Fund.' Now, we understand, the Regent of the Association has succeeded in obtaining the name of Mrs. Mary Chesnut, the mother of the South Carolina Senator, as vice regent for that State. This lady, now eighty-five years of age, has the proud happiness of being able to say what few living can say, that she had a personal acquaintance with General Washington. In the spring of 1789 Washington visited Trenton, and was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations by the people, especially by the ladies. A 'triumphal arch' was erected on the bridge over the Assanpink Creek, at the entrance of which six young girls strewed flowers before him and sang a song of welcome. One of those girls is now Mrs. Chesnut. And she who in the dawn of life sang the song of triumph welcome to 'The Hero,' now in its waning years those who are endeavoring to pay the noblest of tributes to that hero's memory. We cannot imagine a more beautiful commencement and close of life. Who will not unite with us in the earnest hope that that life may be prolonged to witness the full accomplishment of this noble object?"

### To Correspondents.

LANSETTE.—Sweet are the lays of the mountain Linnet, and we shall ever be glad to echo their melody through The Times.

J. W. C. ATLANTA.—Shall be happy to hear from you at any time. We feel much gratified at your encouraging remarks. "The Times" has much improved since I last saw it, and is really entitled to all, and more than all, the praise lavished upon it by the South."

MARY LANSING.—Have received, To my Captive Bird, and The Dying Wife.

K. J. B.—Destiny received. Really we are not prejudiced against the ladies. You can not believe it. They are our strongest and most steadfast friends. Blessings ever shower upon them.

### APRIL SNOW.

A severe snow storm commenced early Saturday morning and extended from Lake Erie to within a few miles of the Hudson river. There was from three to six inches of snow on the ground in New York city at 2 o'clock P.M., and it was still falling fast.

### THE NUMBER OF LIVES LOST.

It has been ascertained, after correcting several mis-statements, that there were one hundred and fifty persons on board the ill-fated Hungarian, when she went ashore, all of whom perished.

## COMMERCIAL.

### Greensboro Market.

Reported weekly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

Baron 120 lbs. best 50c, lower 45c, butter 15c, soft 10c, hard 12c, corn 10c, meal 10c, chickweed 10c, eggs 8c, feathers 10c, flour 50c, flaxseed 80c, hides 50c, dried 10c, hay 10c, lard 12c, molasses 40c, oats 50c, pork 10c, rice 10c, salt 10c, sugar 10c, tallow 10c, wheat 10c, 12c.

### Norfolk Market.

Reported weekly, by Rowland & Sons, Gen. Merchants.

APRIL 12.

Flour—Family 7.00, Extra 6.50, Superior 6.00. Receipts are very fair from North Carolina and other sources. The transactions are not large. Sales mostly for consumption. The Northern markets are a little better.

Wheat—Red and White 1.25@1.50.

Corn—Mixed and White 80c@75c. Yellow 70c. Arrivals are good, with sales to extent of receipts.

Dried Peaches—Apples 1.40@1.50. Peaches 40c, 45c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, 1.00, 1.10, 1.20, 1.30, 1.40, 1.50.

Butter—All kinds, 20c@25c for unsalted. Continue to come in. All kinds are neglected. Only prime has sold.

Pork—B 1.00@1.10. In moderate supply. They are dull of sale.

Corned Beef—27c@10c. Supply in market fair, but good samples are scarce. There was some enquiry in the market yesterday.

Flaxseed—1.25@1.50. Comes in small lots, and sells readily.

Bacon—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

Eggs—12c per doz. Sold today at quotation. They are very variable from day to day.

Beans—30c@35c.

Staves—Red Oak, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c, 21c, 22c, 23c, 24c, 25c, 26c, 27c, 28c, 29c, 30c.

Lumber—Sells on arrival, at quotations.

### Petersburg Market.

April 16.

Cotton—prime 10c, stained 7c, mixed 8c, 9c, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c, 15c, 16c, 17c, 18c, 19c, 20c, 21c, 22c, 23c, 24c, 25c, 26c, 27c, 28c, 29c, 30c.

Rice—light and stock moderate only. Wheat—prime white, 1.00@1.10, do red 1.10, other grades nominal and quiet.

Bacon—Va. cured hog round dull at 11c@11 1/2. Flour—city family 9.00@9.50, do extra 9.50@10.00, plain 10.00@10.50, do 10.50@11.00, do 11.00@11.50, do 11.50@12.00, do 12.00@12.50, do 12.50@13.00, do 13.00@13.50, do 13.50@14.00, do 14.00@14.50, do 14.50@15.00, do 15.00@15.50, do 15.50@16.00, do 16.00@16.50, do 16.50@17.00, do 17.00@17.50, do 17.50@18.00, do 18.00@18.50, do 18.50@19.00, do 19.00@19.50, do 19.50@20.00, do 20.00@20.50, do 20.50@21.00, do 21.00@21.50, do 21.50@22.00, do 22.00@22.50, do 22.50@23.00, do 23.00@23.50, do 23.50@24.00, do 24.00@24.50, do 24.50@25.00, do 25.00@25.50, do 25.50@26.00, do 26.00@26.50, do 26.50@27.00, do 27.00@27.50, do 27.50@28.00, do 28.00@28.50, do 28.50@29.00, do 29.00@29.50, do 29.50@30.00, do 30.00@30.50, do 30.50@31.00, do 31.00@31.50, do 31.50@32.00, do 32.00@32.50, do 32.50@33.00, do 33.00@33.50, do 33.50@34.00, do 34.00@34.50, do 34.50@35.00, do 35.00@35.50, do 35.50@36.00, do 36.00@36.50, do 36.50@37.00, do 37.00@37.50, do 37.50@38.00, do 38.00@38.50, do 38.50@39.00, do 39.00@39.50, do 39.50@40.00, do 40.00@40.50, do 40.50@41.00, do 41.00@41.50, do 41.50@42.00, do 42.00@42.50, do 42.50@43.00, do 43.00@43.50, do 43.50@44.00, do 44.00@44.50, do 44.50@45.00, do 45.00@45.50, do 45.50@46.00, do 46.00@46.50, do 46.50@47.00, do 47.00@47.50, do 47.50@48.00, do 48.00@48.50, do 48.50@49.00, do 49.00@49.50, do 49.50@50.00, do 50.00@50.50, do 50.50@51.00, do 51.00@51.50, do 51.50@52.00, do 52.00@52.50, do 52.50@53.00, do 53.00@53.50, do 53.50@54.00, do 54.00@54.50, do 54.50@55.00, do 55.00@55.50, do 55.50@56.00, do 56.00@56.50, do 56.50@57.00, do 57.00@57.50, do 57.50@58.00, do 58.00@58.50, do 58.50@59.00, do 59.00@59.50, do 59.50@60.00, do 60.00@60.50, do 60.50@61.00, do 61.00@61.50, do 61.50@62.00, do 62.00@62.50, do 62.50@63.00, do 63.00@63.50, do 63.50@64.00, do 64.00@64.50, do 64.50@65.00, do 65.00@65.50, do 65.50@66.00, do 66.00@66.50, do 66.50@67.00, do 67.00@67.50, do 67.50@68.00, do 68.00@68.50, do 68.50@69.00, do 69.00@69.50, do 69.50@70.00, do 70.00@70.50, do 70.50@71.00, do 71.00@71.50, do 71.50@72.00, do 72.00@72.50, do 72.50@73.00, do 73.00@73.50, do 73.50@74.00, do 74.00@74.50, do 74.50@75.00, do 75.00@75.50, do 75.50@76.00, do 76.00@76.50, do 76.50@77.00, do 77.00@77.50, do 77.50@78.00, do 78.00@78.50, do 78.50@79.00, do 79.00@79.50, do 79.50@80.00, do 80.00@80.50, do 80.50@81.00, do 81.00@81.50, do 81.50@82.00, do 82.00@82.50, do 82.50@83.00, do 83.00@83.50, do 83.50@84.00, do 84.00@84.50, do 84.50@85.00, do 85.00@85.50, do 85.50@86.00, do 86.00@86.50, do 86.50@87.00, do 87.00@87.50, do 87.50@88.00, do 88.00@88.50, do 88.50@89.00, do 89.00@89.50, do 89.50@90.00, do 90.00@90.50, do 90.50@91.00, do 91.00@91.50, do 91.50@92.00, do 92.00@92.50, do 92.50@93.00, do 93.00@93.50, do 93.50@94.00, do 94.00@94.50, do 94.50@95.00, do 95.00@95.50, do 95.50@96.00, do 96.00@96.50, do 96.50@97.00, do 97.00@97.50, do 97.50@98.00, do 98.00@98.50, do 98.50@99.00, do 99.00@99.50, do 99.50@100.00, do 100.00@100.50, do 100.50@101.00, do 101.00@101.50, do 101.50@102.00, do 102.00@102.50, do 102.50@103.00, do 103.00@103.50, do 103.50@104.00, do 104.00@104.50, do 104.50@105.00, do 105.00@105.50, do 105.50@106.00, do 106.00@106.50, do 106.50@107.00, do 107.00@107.50, do 107.50@108.00, do 108.00@108.50, do 108.50@109.00, do 109.00@109.50, do 109.50@110.00, do 110.00@110.50, do 110.50@111.00, do 111.00@111.50, do 111.50@112.00, do 112.00@112.50, do 112.50@113.00, do 113.00@113.50, do 113.50@114.00, do 114.00@114.50, do 114.50@115.00, do 115.00@115.50, do 115.50@116.00, do 116.00@116.50, do 116.50@117.00, do 117.00@117.50, do 117.50@118.00, do 118.00@118.50, do 118.50@119.00, do 119.00@119.50, do 119.50@120.00, do 120.00@120.50, do 120.50@121.00, do 121.00@121.50, do 121.50@122.00, do 122.00@122.50, do 122.50@123.00, do 123.00@123.50, do 123.50@124.00, do 124.00@124.50, do 124.50@125.00, do 125.00@125.50, do 125.50@126.00, do 126.00@126.50, do 126.50@127.00, do 127.00@127.50, do 127.50@128.00, do 128.00@128.50, do 128.50@129.00, do 129.00@129.50, do 129.50@130.00, do 130.00@130.50, do 130.50@131.00, do 131.00@131.50, do 131.50@132.00, do 132.00@132.50, do 132.50@133.00, do 133.00@133.50, do 133.50@134.00, do 134.00@1



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